

THE  
WEST  
SAXON

SUMMER  
TERM  
1934



# THE WEST SAXON

Editor :  
J. W. Stone

Sub-Editor : Miss M. C. Gray      Secretary : H. T. E. Miles

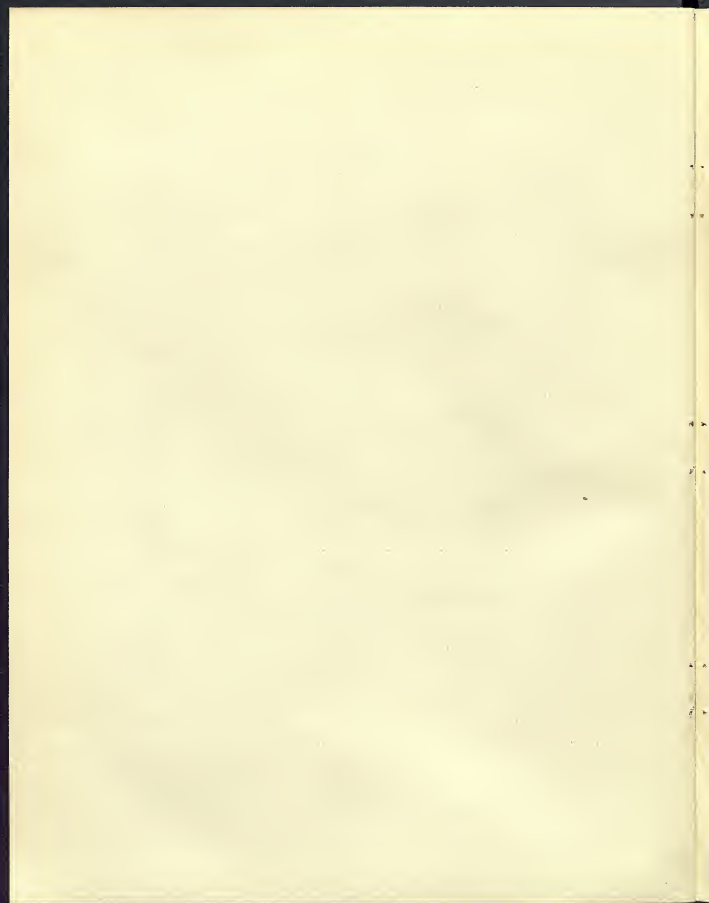
Summer Term, 1934



**University College, Southampton.**

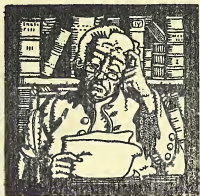
# CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL ... ..	91
THAT A BELIEF IN GOD IS UNNECESSARY—A REPLY ...	93
SECRET ... ..	95
A BORN FOOL ... ..	96
GENIUS OF YOUTH ... ..	99
REVERENCE ... ..	100
IMPRESSIONS CORRECTED ... ..	101
DEAD BLOSSOMS ON THE GRASS ... ..	103
LECTURE ... ..	104
WISE AND FOOLISH TRAVEL ... ..	106
STUDENT TRAVEL ... ..	107
UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CLUBS ... ..	108
ADAM SMITH ON LECTURES AND DISCIPLINE, 1776 ...	109
THE AMERICAN DEBATE ... ..	110
NIGHT ... ..	111
ARRIVAL ... ..	112
TO GO BEFORE THE FLAG ... ..	113
THE FOURTH SYMPHONY CONCERT ... ..	114
VALETE ... ..	115
CORRESPONDENCE ... ..	120
WHIT MONDAY ... ..	124
HALL NOTES ... ..	125
ATHLETICS ... ..	127
UNIONS AND SOCIETIES ... ..	129



## THE EDITOR REFLECTS.

*"Say not the struggle naught availeth."*



And so it is farewell. Within a few days the College careers of a number of us will be a matter of history. The bare bones of our life here will be registered in lifeless files; the fundamental part entrusted to the more fickle record of memory. It goes without saying that we shall leave College with considerable regret. To say otherwise would be cheap and futile cynicism. The man whose loyalty is lost because of adverse satire, however humorous, is not worth his salt. Each owes a debt of gratitude to his College. The life we have led here has to a large extent been responsible for our mental make-up. We owe our habits of thoughts, as well as our friendships and as well as our pleasant memories, to University College, Southampton.

Let us, therefore, be honestly thankful and grateful for what advantages College has been able to give us. Admittedly we may have had some unpleasant experiences here, but, since pleasant memories preponderate, let us not be ashamed of some sort of lasting affection for the old place.

This is not to say that we think that there is nothing in the "old school tie" satire. There is an affection which by its persistence becomes nauseating. None of us would wish to give an exaggerated importance to our affection or to allow it to become a ruling passion and standard. Let us be content to have an undemonstrative emotion occasionally recollected in tranquility. We have our lives to live in our professions, in our homes, with our new friends. We must remember our jobs as citizens of mankind's world before we remember that we are Old Hartleyans.

We shall come back at times, of course, possibly to say that students aren't what they were or that life wasn't made so easy for us in the good old days. Probably quite a number of us will come at first. Then we shall, some of us, begin to find that we know no one in College; that we have drifted apart in outlook from old friends. Numbers will drop off until, perhaps, only one stalwart of our year will linger on, a pitiful reminder of a past generation of students. Yet

we must try, in spite of handicaps, not to lose our interest or our sense of gratitude.

It will be hard for us to realize after a lapse of time that new interests have come between us and the College. It will be harder for us, immediately, to understand that as far as College is concerned we are mere nobodies. Although we have not performed those marvels of scholarship and so on which we meant to achieve, we have gained something which, even if we wished, we can never lose. But College can give us no more. It exists for the benefit of the student body, and we are students no longer. The bond of sentiment will be the only present bond remaining. It would seem a thousand pities to allow that to be broken. To do so would be tantamount to confessing that we are contented to leave our debt of gratitude unpaid.

Perchance you students remaining here deplore this sentimentality as a confession of unexpected weakness. We can hardly blame you. We would, however, remind you that it is hard to say good-bye to any place or person closely knit into life by long association. We now are saying farewell to College, to friends, and, perhaps hardest of all, to our student selves. We would urge you to put all you can into College life. Even if you don't get an intrinsic value, you will get your value in sheer enjoyment. Others will succeed us in office. Give them the support they deserve and need so much.

We are not ashamed to say that we have had a good time this year. We only hope that our successors may find things as great fun as we have. May their worries and cares be even less than ours. May the *West Saxon* committee especially find things particularly promising, with contributions of the highest standard coming in by the score. Our successors, we wish you the very best in your year of office.

And what can we wish to College, a place for which we have grown to have a truly strong affection? Nothing better than good-bye—God be with you.





## THAT A BELIEF IN GOD IS UNNECESSARY—A REPLY.



THE writer of the article entitled "That a belief in a god is unnecessary," which appeared in the last issue, is typical of our scientific generation ; a generation which, in its frankness and honesty, will not accept dogmas that cannot be reconciled to its thought ; a generation proud of its intellect, which, in spite of its very honesty, it unfortunately tends to use as an escape from reality. However much intellect may suffice as a substitute for a god to the intellectual, it cannot suffice, much less console, the less fortunate millions who are too enslaved by hard reality to have the leisure to be intellectual. We tend nowadays to become over-sophisticated, over confident in our cleverness : witness the more "advanced" manifestations of modern art. From the outset, therefore, I challenge the validity and all-sufficiency of the modern man's confidence in intellect, to the exclusion of intuition and feeling.

The author of last term's article is wholly destructive in his reasoning, and leaves no room for any constructive belief to replace that which he claims to destroy. He undermines all belief, condemning all philosophy as being "without any tangible foundation." In passing, could not the same criticism be levelled against the scientific theories on which he seems to base his arguments ?

I postulate that Man must have a spiritual belief to which he can cling. His intellect on the one hand, and Society on the other, cannot alone suffice to nurture the life of his personality. Civilisation does not relieve Man of that fundamental need of a creed ; in actual fact it makes the need all the more urgent. Without a belief, life must be a hopeless process of drifting. Furthermore, Social or Political creeds are not sufficient : firstly, they all prove to be transitory ; secondly, however much they may suffice for the life of Society, they often prove barren of consolation for the life of the individual.

The ground upon which the critic attacks religion and morality is the supposition that they are man-made, as are the laws by which we govern our social life. He ignores the deeper intrinsic values of the life of the individual, which cannot be translated in terms of social standards. He seems to envisage religion solely as the creation of Society. Organised religion indeed seems to prove inadequate to modern needs. Even if we went so far as to admit that it has failed, its failure would not disprove God, Who transcends Man's very conception of religion as he surpasses Man's understanding. I would, however, submit that fundamentally religion is less the affair of Society than the relation between the individual and his Creator,

a communion which comes about, sometimes without the person's being conscious of it, in the very acts of living, doing, and thinking.

Let us take the case of the man who finds himself absolutely alone on a clear starlit night. He finds himself face to face with the fundamental fact of Creation. His feeling, if he allows his thought to soar above material things, is one of awe. He feels the infinitesimal minuteness of Man in relation to time and space. A primitive dread comes over him, in face of which the usual escape of reasoning proves ineffectual. The only consolation he can find is in the sublime serenity and order of the Universe. Immensity stretches above him ; what he can see is but a small part of infinite time and infinite space. Yet all is serene, all is order ; the bewildering number of heavenly bodies move according to some immense plan. The incomplete discoveries of Science testify to this almighty orderliness. There must be a Master Mind which created and ordered it all. Creation, life and growth can not be results of a series of chance happenings.

Where is Man's place in this Creation ? Science tells us that he is but a recent excrescence clinging to one tiny speck of dust floating in infinity among countless other specks, and yet to our mind, he is the most marvellous creation of all, the epitome of life. Whence came he ? If we believe in the theory of evolution, he is the consummation of a wonderful development from the elemental protoplasm. However scientific we may be, we must face the ultimate question : Who put life into that protoplasm ? Who ordered and directed that evolution ? No theories of physics, chemistry or electricity can explain the *spiritual* life in man, however much they may claim to explain his organic growth. The only answer to the whole enigma, is that there is a Creator, and that he is All-powerful, Everlasting, Infinite and Perfect ; and, being Perfect, He must love his Creation.

The final argument of the author of the article to which I am replying, is that predestination is a necessary condition to a belief in the existence of God, and that, even if you do believe in predestination, there is no necessity to believe in a god. The first notion I am not in a position to refute ; to the second, however, I would reply "non sequitur," and, as he does not qualify or explain the statement, we must reject it as invalid.

God, being All-powerful and Omniscient, undoubtedly knows what course our life is to follow. Nevertheless, Man is obviously endowed with a will, delegated to him by God and which, within certain limits, is free. This we know intuitively, otherwise we should be so many puppets under His Hand. Our life is predestinated in so far as it forms part of some all-embracing Purpose of which we are ignorant. We are not competent to question that Purpose. Therein

lies our humility. This blindness of humanity is the greatest cause of its doubt and for its faith. We rebel against suffering, ugliness, injustice. Yet, if we have faith we can reconcile it all. Faith is illogical, transcending reason, and without it, we are condemned to a life bereft of hope. How negligible is the length of one man's life ! Yet, again intuitively, we *know* that the spiritual part of us, that we name the soul, does not die with the body. Witness, the memory of friends who have died, and the serene calm and patience of incurable invalids and of the aged, who are approaching "the peace that passeth all understanding." We cannot tell how the soul survives or whither it goes, and yet with faith we know that it lives on.

I claim to speak with the deep sincerity of my contemporaries ; young people who find themselves in a cruelly bewildering world, where all the standards and values by which our forefathers lived are fast dissolving. There seems little to hope for, little to cling to. We nevertheless yearn for the comfort of belief and faith. Organised religion does not suffice some of us. We cannot accept its dogmas, which do not embrace all that spiritual life means to us ; we are ashamed of the cowardice with which the priests of those religions, with few exceptions, shirk the issues of an age which yearns for spiritual guidance and temporal peace. Too often these formal creeds offer us but the dry husks. It is left to us individually to seek communion with the Creator, and to search for the grain of Truth. Without humility that search is fruitless. A belief in God is very necessary, especially in these days of doubt and fear ; for not only is He an essential, but, what is more comforting, He is a positive Fact.



#### SECRET.



SAW her once some years ago,  
A passing glimpse, 'twas nothing more,  
And yet, so beautiful her face,  
I keep its image still within my heart.

Her name I never cared to know,  
Her voice I never heard, such store  
I set on letting naught deface  
One tiny idol kept within my heart.

## A BORN FOOL.



My name is Percy Simpson. My friends call me Perc. I have a kind face. I know I must have because so many small children stop me to ask me the time, hoping no doubt that a kind face is the outward and visible sign of a kindly and sympathetic nature. Of course they are right. A knowledge of all this is very important for a full understanding of my story, but hardly serves to explain how I came to be sitting on a seat in the Park one afternoon in late May.

Frankly I can't explain my being there at all. On ordinary occasions I scorn such procedure. A person who has the innocent trust of the young reposed in him should not lightly make an exhibition of himself in a public place. After all one has one's duty to one's public. However that may be, 3.0 p.m. on Saturday, May 26th, found me seated in the Park. It may have been that I was a little tired after a somewhat brisk walk or that I felt an impulse adequately to survey the beauties of Nature as displayed by the art of the gardeners employed by the Corporation. Perhaps it doesn't really matter much. It is sufficient for you to realize that I was there.

I had been there for about a half an hour, I suppose, when a smartly dressed young man, perhaps a little too smart for most tastes, came and sat down on the same seat. I made no objection of course. In the first place the seat wasn't my private property, and in any case there was room for four easily. Besides, he and I were at opposite ends of the seat. You must understand, however, that I wasn't particularly pleased about it all. I had just been unable to get more than £250, and in notes at that, for a friend of mine who had persuaded me to do my best to sell a perfectly good picture of his to another of my friends. He had promised me a commission, on a percentage basis, on the sale. I had expected to have at least twice the money, and hence twice the commission, nestling in my wallet. I hope you follow all this. Naturally I felt at the time quite unfit for human society.

"Got a match?" said the stranger.

"Fraid not," said I, somewhat moodily.

He had edged quite a deal nearer.

"Then I can't offer you one," putting away his unlit cigarette.

"That's all right," I rejoined; "in any case I don't smoke."

"Guess I'm a bit of a fool to." The stranger had suddenly abolished the distance between us. I made no move, for I recognized him as one of those who long to find someone, anyone, to whom they may pour out their tales of misery or of joy. I was not mistaken.

"Runs away with your money," he went on. "Regular passion I've got for it. Not that I've got any too much to play about with. Most of that goes on clothes or horses. Now *that's* a mug's game if you like."

I nodded assent. It seemed the correct thing to do. The stranger swept on without a pause.

"Dropped a packet on the Lincoln, I did, and another only yesterday. Lost smaller sums now and then of course. 'Spose I'll drop another packet on the Derby. It's not as if I don't know I'm bound to be unlucky. I just can't resist having a flutter."

I thought it about time for me to contribute to the conversation. I am not used to being kept in silence for so long. The question of bad luck gave me my cue. I sketched, without any over-elaboration, the details of my misfortune of that day. Once again I was not mistaken in my man. A mournful, intimate smile crept over his face, and he nodded sympathetically. But he was so absorbed in his own troubles that he went straight on where he had left off, without any reference to the interjection.

"Things like that make me think I must be a born fool," he said.

"Most of us are in some way or another," I ventured.

He nodded again with the same intimate, almost knowing smile.

"Yes, but I am in more ways than one. Have you ever been in love?"

The suddenness of the question was startling, but, before I could collect my scattered wits to reply, he was well into the next sentence.

"I was once. Pretty thing she was too. The romantic sort. Proves I was a fool, don't it?" He laughed hollowly and unconvincingly. "But I'll tell you all about it," said he, patting me on the knee in friendly fashion.

I was prepared to be bored. The story of a broken suburban heart always bores me. For a time my interest in the stranger waned. It suddenly revived with the introduction of new and unusual elements into the story. As my interest grew, our casual acquaintance ripened into easy familiarity, and the stranger at times went so far as to emphasize a point by playfully prodding me in the waistcoat.

I am not quite clear about the early details, but the broad outline is that of the usual suburban romance. All had gone well until a rival had come on to the scene. Unfortunately the girl had been completely indifferent as far as preference was concerned. The men were anxious to settle the question between them, as leaving it to the girl's choice was no solution. The rival, an experienced boxer, suggested that they should fight. The stranger thought it would be fairer to both parties if the toss of a coin were allowed to decide.

(Here my interest first revived.) The boxer, in the presence of mutual acquaintances, accused my new friend of "funking," and the fight took place.

The result was unexpected. The boxer seemed to be trying to to run into every possible danger, and ended the fight beaten and battered.

When the romantic youngster heard of it all, she simply swelled with pride, but, being of a sympathetic nature, espoused the cause of the defeated man. The stranger was "knocked all of a heap," but his rival's triumph was short-lived. The girl heard, quite accidentally, that the boxer had thrown away his chances in the fight on purpose, knowing well how she would react. From that time, it appeared, the girl could forgive neither.

"So you never married?" I asked.

The stranger shook his head. I was anxious for more, but at that moment his face changed.

"What's the matter? You look pale," I said. "Do you feel ill?"

He didn't reply, but got up and walked about ten paces. He stood and lit a cigarette with studied nonchalance, and then walked briskly away. He had asked me for a match and yet used his own to light his cigarette. I was working it out when I became aware of a constable standing beside the seat and staring intently in the direction of the vanishing stranger.

"What's the matter, officer?" I asked. "Seen a ghost or something?"

"Merely watching a friend of mine," he replied in a tone of deep solicitude.

"Oh that's all right then."

"Wish he'd stopped and let me have a word with him," slowly and emphatically.

I became aware that the constable's solicitude was not genuine, but was intended to be heavily ironical. I ventured nervously, "An amazing man. Told an interesting story about a romance of his."

"Him?" said Robert, "romance? H'm. Married man with four children he is."

This was shocking. The stranger was nothing more than a complete sham.

"Wonder what his game was?" continued the constable. I didn't know the answer, so I ventured no suggestion. "Done a stretch for working the confidence lay," he informed me.

I saw it all in a flash. That explained everything, the match business included. This was how the story would continue. The girl

was romantic. She would probably have sent both on an impossible errand. To get £250. It would be a remarkable coincidence that I had the exact sum. I was a fool to have told him. There would be a fabulous return somewhere. Very ingenious, Mr. Stranger, but you wouldn't have caught me. I at least am not a born fool.

The constable's voice cut in on my thoughts. His tone had changed.

"Anywho, who are you?" He couldn't floor me. I knew the answer to that one. My card in my wallet, brought out with a flourish, would be ocular proof. I felt extremely, hilariously pleased with myself.

The constable spoke again when my left hand was in my inside pocket. "What's the matter? You look pale, sir. Do you feel ill?"



#### GENIUS OF YOUTH.

**L**IFE, Power to live,  
Power to look at the sun  
With keen eyes,  
And swift limbs with the power to run ;  
A quick brain,  
That can read in the earth and sky  
A pure, fresher beauty  
Than age can descry ;  
Enthusiasm,  
An impetuous tongue,  
Headstrong views,  
Mad desires to the universe fling ;  
Passionate hate  
And passionate love,  
Fear  
Of an unknown power above ;  
Long journeys in thought  
From the world's alarm.  
Then peace  
And visionary moments of calm.



## REVERENCE.



HO could deny God's Being ?  
When standing in the sacramental hush  
Of woods, at Springtime, seeing  
The evening sunlight filter through the brush,  
Kindling innumerable hues  
In trees, dead leaves, mosses, evergreen bush,  
Silvering birches, gilding fern,  
Flooding with gaiety the solemn avenues,  
Where leafless twigs and branches turn  
Expectantly towards the light,  
All rapt in waiting for the mystic rite  
In which their pregnant buds will break,  
When, with the kiss of Spring, the sleeping Earth will wake.

Here God's more manifest  
Than 'neath the shade of vast cathedral wall.  
Here may one worship with the best,  
With rabbits, pheasants, and with all  
The gay innumerable choir of birds,  
The while, in every burrow, every nest,  
They share the sacred rite of Spring's re-birth.  
No incense here, except the awful breeze,  
Redolent with the scent of flowers,  
Lingering round the columns of the trees,  
Which, in their massive girth,  
Are grander than the pillars wrought by Man.  
There's benediction in the showers,  
That shed their sunny gold upon the Earth,  
And add their whisperings to the praise  
That all the creatures born within the span  
Of Nature's holy kingdom to the Godhead raise !

Here is God's sanctuary  
Where life is free, immaculate and pure,  
All sharing in the Mystery  
For all, in their radiant life, ensure  
The working out of His Almighty Plan,  
Unhurrying.  
Here is a sanctuary for Man,  
For here he must be humble, 'neath the wing  
Of Nature, humble but uplifted high :  
'Tis here he glimpses immortality !  
A Truth he sees, with more than human sight :  
'Tis God's Almighty Will, a Love that's Infinite.



## IMPRESSIONS CORRECTED.



IN the last number of the *West Saxon* there appeared an article entitled "Impressions and Suppressions" which gave an interesting description of an Englishman's first visit to that "New Germany" about which so much is being talked at the present time. The writer was surprised to find on his arrival in Germany that it was, after all, safe for foreigners to walk about the streets, and in his article he aims at correcting an impression he imagines every Englishman must have. It was therefore a painful surprise to me to notice to what an extent the writer had gone to the opposite extreme and has presented his readers with a view of Germany just as distorted as the original one, so much so that I feel I must try to bring a few of his strange statements into focus again.

The writer assumed that the whole of England's press was united against Germany and was surprised to find that people were not disappearing or dying as he had been led to believe. But surely he was mistaken in assuming that the English press *in toto* did not present the facts in a reasonably accurate light, for I think most people who were able to obtain first-hand information about the Nazi Revolution were able to confirm much of what the *better and internationally influential* papers had to report about events in Germany. It is fortunate he had the opportunity of correcting his original impression that murder was the order of the day, for I fail to see how, if he had read trustworthy papers, he could have obtained such a ghastly impression—bad enough as affairs seem to have been. I am glad that he, like the vast majority of foreigners, was able to move about Germany freely and unmolested; nevertheless I regret he forces me to mention that I—an Englishman and not a Jew—was actually knocked down for not giving the Hitler salute in Berlin some months after the Revolution. The writer, however, indicates that he arrived in Germany some time after the Revolution had occurred and apparently he naively thought that Germany's streets would provide him with sensations. Apparently he expected those atrocities which did occur (as Nazis frankly admit but think were necessary) to continue indefinitely and that he would be privileged to see them.

The writer makes the mistake of generalising about Germany to an extent I doubt you would find from the worst English journalist in Germany. For example, he makes the sweeping statement that the S.S. and S.A. (about 2,500,000 of them) "Have no training whatsoever in the handling of weapons." Although I would not dare to say publicly that *all* S.A. and S.S. men receive training, I cannot quite

discard the evidence of a number of S.A. men who naively informed me in the Black Forest that they received regular training in the use of the rifle, *only they were not allowed to do it in uniform*, nor am I prepared to ignore the experiences of Noel Panter and many other Englishmen. It would, however, be far more to the point if the writer were to indicate not how much training in weapons the men receive but to what extent the martial spirit, that glorification of war, is being inculcated into the German mentality as compared with similar attempts in England.

The writer might have taken a little trouble to investigate historical facts before making statements that have the flavour of undiluted Nazi propaganda about them. He says that Democratic Socialists (by which term we assume he means the Social Democrats) "have for the last twenty years or more been led by Jews." It would be appreciated if he would supply us with a complete list of the leaders and then state how many are Jews. He would probably be a little surprised at the result. I understand from authorities generally considered reliable that very few Socialist leaders were Jews (even according to the Nazi interpretation of what makes a Jew) and it is a fact that can be easily verified that of the 250 ministers who held positions in German cabinets from the end of 1918 to January 30th, 1933 (the advent of Hitlerism), only TWO were Jews and only four of Jewish extraction. Surely, too, the statement that "it is impossible for a Jew to forget that he's a Jew and become a German" is far too one-sided, and even the Nazis will find it a difficult statement to substantiate. Was not Düstenberg, the leader of the Stahlhelm—one of the most "German," nationalistic, and conservative of organisations in Germany—a German to the core? Was not that friend of the Kaiser, Albert Ballin, who built up the great German shipping line (whose flagship still bears his name) and who committed suicide after the war because he felt Germany's downfall to be such a disgrace, at least as much of a German as Dr. Frick, who, I have been told, managed to evade active service at the front? Surely Haber, without whom Germany would have been unable to carry on the war so long, was as patriotic as any German? Such people and many more are known the world over as great Germans who did great things for Germany. And is it not a fact that a greater proportion of Jews to the total Jewish population fell in the war than Germans to Germans? And then the writer has the impertinence to suggest that it is impossible for a Jew to become a German! And if he is merely repeating Nazi propaganda, why does he not make it clear so as to avoid wrong impressions getting about?

The confused and jumbled way in which the writer frequently

presents his ideas is shown by his comparing freedom or otherwise in buying beer or cigarettes with the far more fundamental freedom of thought which the Nazis are definitely trying to curb in a manner which is foreign to Western civilization as we understand it to-day.

The writer has only too readily accepted information that he has been able to pick up on all sides without showing that critical and analytical faculty which is so essential to a proper understanding and appreciation of the real state of affairs. It is, for example, useless to say that 2,000,000 unemployed have been returned to work in a year without investigating corollary questions such as : under what conditions have these unemployed returned to work ? have wages been reduced ? have working-hours been reduced for the others without a corresponding reduction in wages ? how many women have been displaced and where have they gone to ?

In so far as the writer has given those personal "impressions" of Germany he has gained from a visit to the country, the article is interesting ; but he has unfortunately presented historical and statistical facts in the perverted form of National Socialist platform *propaganda*, with the result that they lack that objectivity in weighing up the *pros* and *cons* which we expect from a person who professes to be an outsider trying to correct false impressions that have been spread abroad.



#### DEAD BLOSSOMS ON THE GRASS.



HERE, at my feet lie petals, wrinkled, brown,  
Remnants of blossoms yesterday aflame,  
That lit the sombre leaves with crimson gleam  
And gave the heavy boughs a glorious crown.  
Then was their beauty source of joy and pain,  
—Joy in the loveliness of shape and hue,  
Pleasure that in them summer did renew  
Eternal beauty ; sorrow, that again  
They lived to die : so at my feet they lie  
Wrinkled and withered, scattered on the grass.  
So must flow'rs ever wither, and so I  
See at my feet dead days that did surpass  
All else in their brief beauty, yet did die  
So soon, I scarce remember they did pass.

## LECTURE.



THE interest of the College was much aroused during the term by the visit of a well-known philanthropic figure. A man who has worked hard in world-wide interests, he came down to the College particularly to excite the enthusiasm of its young men and women in the extremely important question of "Reciprocal Advantages."

In an extremely explicit speech the speaker showed us quite clearly that, as his friend the Nabob of Bogley Wallah had pointed out, "Only our national proclivity to the old school tie could save the Empire from extinction." As he went on to say we are already in hot commercial competition with the rest of the world, but when the rural population of Chicago enters the industrial field and starts to trade in gold instead of local fairs and popguns, competition will be far more violent. As the "word of a U.C.S. man" has become a current phrase for good faith in foreign trade, so this gentlemanly spirit will be invaluable to us in protecting the world trade in pork and beans. Public school spirit in this direction may even create a market for 58 varieties. During his thirty years in the army the speaker had promoted the consumption of thirty million tons of jam; for as they always said in the army, it was "the jam, the jam, the jam, the jam, the jam, the jam, the plum and apple that mattered." He was pleased to tell us as an example of the gentlemanly spirit that made this possible, the story of one of his officers who, when asked by the vicar's daughter if they liked the new jam, replied, "Madam, we always like our jam." For as everyone appreciates the Battle of Trafalgar was only won when Marlborough stood on his head on the regimental colours and waived his Christchurch sock, for the sight of that yellow sock cheered the regimental rugby team into the forward line.

As the speaker maintained, he particularly wished to draw attention to the competition for posters clearly illustrating the speech and its point, of which he had left particulars with the chairman. He hoped as many as possible would enter for the competition as he was the world's worst artist and found his ideas difficult to express. He had his own illustrations touched up by a friend of his, and the results were so extraordinary that he sent them to the Lord High Chamberlain of the Grand Duke of Eldorado, who replied in a most grateful and uplifted letter. He acted on these principles when he stood on Salisbury Plain on the 10th of March, 1916, and sent 15,000 men home to their wives and families. The speaker promised that his speech would not be boring—he could say it in one word, "discipline," but

he would say a few more things as he thought they would be interesting, but it was to be remembered that he had said the important thing.

Closely connected with this, said the speaker, was the habit he had formed when he entered a shop of asking the manager if the assistants who are interested are not worth once and a half as much. The speaker was able to tell us that the manager invariably said "Quite twice." So he hoped the audience saw how important it is. He always got his own officers to work on these principles, for he could not have won the war on his own any more than Mr. Palethorpe could have sold all his sausages. So he hoped the audience saw how important team work is.

After this uplifting discourse, the speaker sat down among loud cheers and acclamations. Many of the audience were moved to tears and throughout the speech were convulsed with emotion which, in spite of firm attempts at suppression, betrayed itself in husky coughs and (apparent) nose-bleeding. The silence of the meeting was only disturbed when a member of staff rose to keep an appointment shortly after the speaker began. As the speaker had expressed his willingness to answer questions, a man rose from the floor and put a few irrelevant queries which only showed that he had entirely missed the point of the speaker's lucid argument. After so uplifting a speech was it necessary to inquire how to put it into practice? The speaker replied that he found it difficult to crystallise his thoughts; but he maintained that if someone would only put the question in the right way he was sure he would be able to answer it. As his meaning was abundantly clear, the rest of the audience felt it unnecessary to say anything. The Chairman rose to the occasion with a few apt remarks. He said that the speaker had made it clear that team spirit was far more important than examination results, whether in Latin or Greek or even engineering, and that an effort should be made to make team-games the activity of our working-week, with Saturday and Wednesday afternoons for recreative study.

The speaker and Chairman were cheered again and again, and the meeting adjourned amid loud enthusiasm.



E. F. N-C-L-Y.

How shall I trim it into decent shape?—*Goethe*.

W. G. ST-N- and T.D. CLASS.

Odi profanum vulgus

Et arceo.—*Horace*.

## WISE AND FOOLISH TRAVEL.



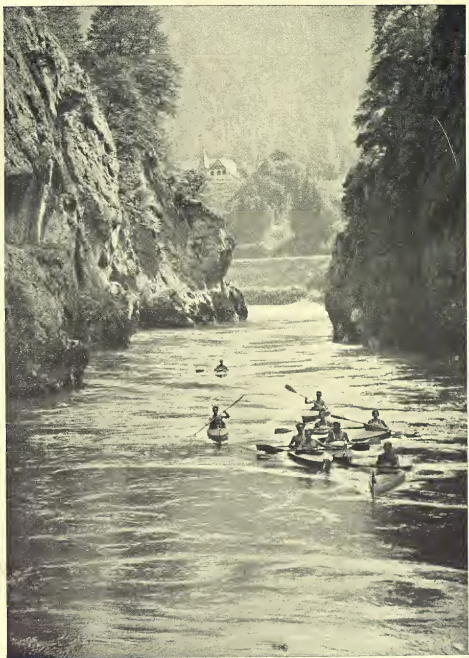
IN travel, as in most other human activities, there is a right method of procedure and a wrong. Indeed, there are few occupations in which it is easier to go wrong, and in which the wrong is further removed from the right. It is wrong to travel in an obedient herd of a hundred members, led by a guide with gold braid on his hat. It is wrong to visit only the places which are emporia for picture postcards. It is also wrong for a student to travel at ordinary rates, when in most European countries the fact of his being a student entitles him, under certain conditions, to 50% reductions on the railways. He is throwing away another advantage if he overlooks the fact that foreign students would be delighted to act as his guides and companions, and to do so without any recompense save his good fellowship.

The N.U.S. Travel Department has made it its business to increase, co-ordinate and make known the facilities available to students. The results are sometimes remarkable. A three weeks' tour to the Black Forest, which goes right to the Swiss and Austrian frontiers, costs £11 15s. from London and back, and there are none of the "extras" which ensnare the unwary on the tours of some of the travel agencies. Better value still is the tour to Hamburg and the Baltic Coast, which costs £6 10s.

It bespeaks a mercenary and materialistic age that we mention cheapness as the first virtue of these student tours. In reality it is outshone by many others. The Austrian tours, for example, are made by small groups of English and Austrian students who, leading the same simple life, proceed in informal fashion through some of the most beautiful parts of Central Europe. Their tours are often of outstanding sporting interest. Rock-climbing is undertaken under the expert leadership of Austrian students, who are as good at the craft as highly-paid professional guides.

The photograph on opposite page shows a canoeing group in action. Like those on land, the canoeing tours are carefully graded according to their varying degrees of strenuousness. The easiest is that on the Danube from Passau to Vienna, but more difficult tours may be made on the Inn, Enns and Salzach. All of these canoe tours use the portable rubber boats—by the Germans ominously termed "collapsible"—which have become the Austin Sevens of the continental waterways. On the great trading highways, such as the Danube and the Rhine, you will find them darting beneath the prows of exasperated steamers. On the swifter rivers, such as the Inn and the Neckar, you will find them shooting rapids and whirlpools, and even, in the hands of





THE HIRSCHENSPRUNG ON THE RIVER ENNS. (An N.U.S. Tour, 1933.)

*(Reproduced by kind permission of the N.U.S.)*





experts, turning turtle and righting themselves and proceeding on their way unscathed.

Other N.U.S. tours go as far afield as Finland, Poland, Russia and Iceland. The costs vary from £4 2s. 6d., for which a fortnight may be spent at an international centre at Ipswich, to £34 10s., for which you can have a hard month's riding in the interior of Iceland.

When a small group of English and foreign students make a tour together, suffering under the same rain and rejoicing in the same sun, it is indeed remarkable if, by the end of the tour, each has not acquired a greater sympathy for the other's nation. As Lord Cecil has put it, a student taking part in tours of the sort "is likely to gain a surer foundation for a sane outlook on international affairs than he could acquire from reading a library of books."

Information regarding a great many travel facilities available to students will be found in *Student Travel* 1934, a publication which is issued gratis, and may be obtained from the National Union of Students, 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. The facilities therein described include the tours and camps of the N.U.S., the work camps of the I.S.S., Vacation Courses, reduced rail and steamship fares and Youth Hostels.



## STUDENT TRAVEL.

**T** is not a part of our normal policy to publish anything in the nature of a book review. We are, however, only too willing to make an exception when N.U.S. publications are brought to our notice. Two of these, *Student Travel*, 1934, and *The Handbook of Student Travel*, have been published this year.

Being naturally of an indolent nature, we rejoice exceedingly that Mr. J. G. Pateman, Travel Director of the N.U.S., has, by his article, obviated any necessity for our praising *Student Travel* at length. We shall merely say that the most careless reader cannot fail to profit by even a cursory glance at it. There are, or were, a number of copies in the S.C. Hut. Those unable to get them there should write to the N.U.S.

Once you have read your *Student Travel* and selected your tour, you cannot be without *The Handbook of Student Travel*. This excellent and useful book has been completely revised and brought up to

date. It is truly a mass of information. There is an introductory section of general hints on travel, dealing with such varied and necessary things as gratuities, luggage, boat services and money. The second part of the book gives detailed information by countries. Study, accommodation, railway information, currency, aliens regulations and books of the various countries are all adequately treated. This edition of the book includes a new section on Youth Hostels, extremely useful to the student traveller. But the feature which caught our eye was the passport and visa diagram illustrating regulations existing between specified countries. We could have spent many happy hours with it, and indeed on the rest of the book. Student travellers, you cannot afford to be without *The Handbook of Student Travel*. It costs you 2/- (post 2/3) and is obtainable from the N.U.S.



#### UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CLUB.



THE Hon. Sec. of this Club wishes to draw the attention of women students of this College to the facilities it offers. Club is open to—

- (a) Graduates of any British University.
- (b) Registered Medical Practitioners of the United Kingdom.
- (c) Women who have pursued a course of full-time study at any British University or at any College of a British University for not less than six terms.
- (d) Students who have passed the second Professional Examination of any Medical Corporation of United Kingdom.


Entrance fee is £1 10s., and the annual subscription £2 2s. 0d., or £3 3s. 0d. for those living within a thirty-mile radius of London. The entrance fee is waived for students who join between end of sixth term and June 30th of year following that in which they leave College. Bedrooms from 6/- a night (bath and attendance). Information from Winifred Dakyns, Hon. Sec., 2, Audley Square, South Audley Street, London, W.1.

\*\*\*\*\*

MISSSES E. M. GR-Y and H. E. H-W-S.

Where wilt thou find their like again?—*Scott*.

## ADAM SMITH ON LECTURES AND DISCIPLINE, 1776.

“ F the teacher happens to be a man of sense, it must be an unpleasant thing to him to be conscious, while he is lecturing his students, that he is either speaking or reading nonsense or what is very little better than nonsense. It must, too, be unpleasant to him to observe that the greater part of his students desert his lectures ; or perhaps attend upon them with plain enough marks of neglect, contempt, and derision. If he is obliged, therefore, to give a certain number of lectures, those motives alone, without any other interest, might dispose him to take some pains to give tolerably good ones. Several different expedients, however, may be fallen upon, which will effectually blunt the edge of all those encitements to diligence. The teacher, instead of explaining to his pupils himself the science in which he proposes to instruct them, may read some good book upon it ; and if this book is written in a foreign and dead language, by interpreting it to them into their own ; or what would give him still less trouble, by making them interpret it to him, and by now and then making an occasional remark upon it, he may flatter himself that he is giving a lecture. The slightest degree of knowledge and application will enable him to do this, without exposing himself to contempt or derision, of saying anything that is really foolish, absurd, or ridiculous. The discipline of the college, at the same time, may enable him to force all his pupils to the most regular attendance upon this sham lecture, and to maintain the most decent and respectful behaviour during the whole time of the performance.

“The discipline of colleges and universities is in general contrived, not for the benefit of the students, but for the interest, or, more properly speaking, for the ease of the masters. Its object is, in all cases, to maintain the authority of the master, and whether he neglects or performs his duty, to oblige the students in all cases to behave to him as if he performed it with the greatest diligence and ability. It seems to presume perfect wisdom and virtue in the one order, and the greatest weakness and folly in the other. Where the masters, however, really perform their duty, there are no examples, I believe, that the greater part of the students ever neglect theirs. No discipline is ever requisite to force attendance upon lectures which are really worth the attending, as is well known wherever any such lectures are given.”

(It is extremely interesting to note the progress that has been made in 158 years.—ED.)

## THE AMERICAN DEBATE.



HIS year the College entertained Mr. Charles Wise and Mr. Dewitt White, of the University of West Virginia, during their visit to Southampton in the course of their tour of the British Universities.

The debate was held in the Music Studio on the evening of Tuesday, May 22nd ; Mr. F. W. K. Brumby was in the chair. The motion, "That a policy of Nationalism is preferable to one of Internationalism for both Great Britain and the United States," was proposed by Mr. White.

Mr. White thanked the Union for its entertainment, and, after one or two witty anecdotes, proceeded to his speech. He defined Nationalism as a policy of building up the strength and commerce of a nation to its highest degree ; he denied that it meant militarism. He pointed out that both Great Britain and America were pursuing nationalist policies, but that there was no likelihood of war between them. On the other hand Internationalism was an impracticable policy of entering into world politics with the object of levelling down all standards. During the last century the internationalist policy of Free Trade had resulted in obligations abroad which caused wars. He finally asserted that it is impracticable to plan economically on an international scale, but that national planning is the only way out.

The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. P. W. S. Andrews, stated that Nationalism was possessive and narrow ; the smug attitude of the nineteenth century saw the world as a Garden of Eden, "and Heaven help the gardener." Great Britain and the United States were capitalist countries seeking for markets ; their struggle would result in another holocaust. Names on war memorials throughout the country were the results of Nationalism. It would be best for us to buy commodities where they are produced most cheaply. The proposer had ignored the fact that war brings good dividends, except to those who die, and that efficiency does not come from Nationalism. It is not so possible to plan internationally as to plan for such a large country as the United States. The absurdity of the proposer's case would be seen when one country raised tariffs against the other, and one coal-mine against its neighbour.

Mr. Wise, seconding the proposition, admitted that mutual peace and goodwill was desirable : Nationalism was the only practical approach to it. Internationalism was ephemeral and romantic, as was proved by the failure of the League of Nations. He defined Nationalism as a policy which furthers the interests of its own country first, of others secondly ; it does not encourage warfare. A sane

nationalist opposes war because of its great economic waste and waste of human life. If a nation brought about unity within its own boundaries it was doing more for society than it could by minding other people's business. China was in a state of economic chaos because it lacked Nationalism. Internationalism would mean the end of culture. An internationalist policy is impracticable because of the diversity of nations and differences of character.

Mr. J. V. Ruffell, seconder for the opposition, pointed out that both speakers had defined Nationalism to suit their purpose ; he gave the definition found in the New English Dictionary. Nationalism was a belief in the superiority of one nation. This fundamental idea not only underlay Nationalism, but also Fascism and Conservatism. The speaker quoted a recent conservative speech to support his assertion. The League of Nations had failed because it was not international ; America gave the world a great ideal at Versailles and then deserted it. The League would not work until the workers controlled national policy. At present it was upholding the peace of Versailles, a Nationalist peace. The present acute rise of Fascism, dating from the advent of Hitler, was directly due to that peace ; the Germans were justified in resenting the treatment they had received. Fascism and Nationalism were the products of despair ; they relied on emotional action and denied the power of human reason.

There were six speakers from the floor. Mr. Andrews and Mr. White summed up. The motion was defeated by 47 votes to 16.



## NIGHT.



YOU lie in your room alone, your day's work done  
And feel how the chilling shades of blackness creep  
Screening the earth from the warmth of the sun  
And know it is night, night and the time for sleep.  
The weary throbbing restlessness of day  
Is stilled. You think of tales the great ones told  
Of nights of peace, calm-breathing, far away.  
Little they know, you say, they who are old,  
Of the strange unquieting thoughts and dreams you know,  
Dreams of a world fearful and magical.  
Shining elusive things, these dreams ! They go  
Suddenly as they came—detached apart—  
And night's dark nothingness holds you in thrall,  
And loneliness cold creeping round your heart.

## ARRIVAL.



WALKING amongst the entanglement of railway lines through which I had to pass in order to reach the Ocean Liner Berths, I felt that this, the first time I had witnessed the arrival of a transatlantic liner, should be something of an occasion. Perhaps—I fervently hoped so—somebody important would arrive, which would justify my coming down to the Docks. The crowd inside the barrier certainly raised my hopes. Were they anticipating the arrival of one of those film stars, pork pie magnates and divorcees whose charming smiles on landing in "li'l ol' England" are given so much front page value in the Press? Or would the ship merely discharge so many American Smiths and Joneses seeking relief from an unsettled and strike-threatened country where the unquestioning subservience of the working-man has always been taken for granted?

Once inside the barrier my hopes ran high. A small group, mostly men, some working-men, others less obviously so, were standing looking expectantly towards the entrance of the berth, where a tug had appeared. One of them carried a banner rolled round two poles, so that I was unable to discover who they were or for whom they were waiting.

As the huge, sweeping bows of the liner were slowly towed into the berth by a tug, while another pushed its nose impudently against the side of the ship, I expected to see great excitement, but there was none except amongst the little group with the banner, who began to talk excitedly and to move slowly and stragglingly towards the edge of the quay. The enormous bulk of the ship looked so dignified. Everyone on the shore might have been a Lilliputian watching some Gulliver's ship coming in. Tugs soon manœuvred her into position, and ropes attached to thick hawsers were thrown to the quayside and made fast. But as if in reverence to the silent dignity of the vessel, there was little or no shouting from either shore or ship; its elegant sloping funnels and tall masts made one feel humbled by its presence.

Once the gangway and baggage chute had been fixed, a crowd began to rush on board, and amongst it I noticed three or four from the group with the banner, the rest of whom remained on the quay, still with their banner furled, scanning the faces which lined the upper decks. Then began the hustle and scurry. White-coated stewards worked feverishly on the baggage chutes, and officials hurried to and fro on the ship, on the quay and between the two. An excited waving of hands between the quay and the ship began, while a few on the shore started to move away when their hand-waving received no

reply. But the little group stood still, talking, smoking, looking, until, when the passengers began to come ashore, one of their number who had gone on board hurried down the gangway and spoke to them. Their expressions changed at once. They looked forlorn, disappointed, and the man holding the rolled-up banner let it drop to the ground. Whoever it was they had come to meet was not there. I, too, was disappointed. I had seen no important people. Those coming off the ship were just like any crowd coming out of a cinema or theatre. But the ship still looked the same, aloof from the hurrying, scurrying crowd which jostled in and out of it, rather as though it resented their doing so.

I felt sorry for the little group, whose banner, it seemed, would now never be unfurled. Perhaps it was mutual sympathy because I had been disappointed as they had. But to the ship, to the crew, and to the innumerable officials, this was just one arrival—just another turn of the great wheels of transport.



#### TO GO BEFORE THE FLAG.

**T**O go before the glorious flag to certain death and hell  
Is a wonderful thing to do, my lad, and I certainly wish  
you well.  
To be shot to a thousand pieces and cover the ground with  
blood,  
Is a noble thing to do, my lad, and ordained by Almighty God !  
To die for one's country in war, lad—to be blown to bits, 'tis true,—  
'Tis fine, for the bits form a hero, when you die for the red, white and  
blue.

. . . .  
He hanged himself with a bit of rope, I heard the neighbours tell.  
What a really terrible thing to do—deliberate death and hell !  
A fine young man he promised to be, a good man and a strong,  
And now it's shame he's brought to all, for suicide is wrong.  
And it's all the worse that he's killed himself in the hour of his  
country's need ;  
How proud we'd have been had he given his life in war for a valorous  
deed !



## THE FOURTH SUMMER SYMPHONY CONCERT.



IN spite of the bad acoustics of the Assembly Hall, and its general air of hostility to anything that savours of art, both orchestra and chorus acquitted themselves well. So well, in fact, in the "Rosamunde" Overture, that criticism was turned to interpretation rather than to performance. The commencement of the first subject was taken at an unusually slow tempo, and the sudden accelerando later, leading up to the fortissimo chords at the usual speed, seemed unnecessarily abrupt.

Deficiencies in performance there were, of course, as is to be expected from an orchestra and chorus hampered, as such societies must be, by a limited source for its material. Most noticeable was the predominance of the brass, and its comparatively poor tone. The strings, on the other hand, seemed unable to produce a really hefty fortissimo. But the acoustics of the hall may have been partly responsible for this. The deficiency of bass in the chorus can hardly be explained thus, however, and constituted at times a serious drawback.

The first group of songs by the chorus were good music sympathetically rendered. The diction was very clear, but the Hely-Hutchinson might have been a little more spirited, and male voices in it would perhaps have increased the Handelian effect.

The Brahms Symphony started well, but fell off slightly in the Allegro of the first movement. The second movement was perhaps the weakest. The woodwind was poor, and the bassoons inaudible, at least in part of the hall. The third movement was an improvement, but was still rather patchy. Undoubtedly the finest performance of the whole concert was the fourth movement, particularly the Adagio and the following pizzicato passage.

Little need be said of the second part of the programme. Efficient renderings of music quite unworthy of being placed in the same programme as works by Schubert and Brahms. The banality of the Stanford was so irritating as to leave no room for criticism of the rendering. It was full of theatricality and bathos—pure programme-music. It is difficult to understand why a musician like Mr. Cecil Williams should spend time transcribing such a work as the Guilmant Fugue. The composer must have blushed when he heard the "48" mentioned. It was a pity that the close of the concert should present such a very poor contrast to the fine music with which it opened.

W. L.-WR-NC-.

Pansies let *my* flowers be.—*Shelley*.





ALTHOUGH the Student community will suffer an irreparable loss when Sam goes down, yet we feel that he is one who is ideally suited to the teaching profession, and will be an invaluable asset to that or any other sphere of activity in which he engages.

He is now in his fifth year, and during this long time has participated in almost every phase of College life and inspired such great confidence that he was elected President of the Union. Reverses and disappointments he has always met with characteristic good humour, without discouragement, masking his deeper feelings in a cloak of imperturbable gaiety which has rarely betrayed him. Coming to College with a soubriquet of a rather sanguinary kind, he endeavoured in his first year to live up to his name. But Sam quickly changed—perhaps as the result of some elusive influence—who can say? He disported himself on the athletic field with marked success, and has done his best to represent the College in almost every form of sport and in functions of social character.

One of his failings is an unbounded confidence in his own eloquence. He possesses an extraordinary gift of being able to speak with the greatest facility on almost any subject, and this, in some cases, with the minimum of knowledge. We feel that perhaps after all he has missed his vocation, and that one of such plausibility would be more fitted to the pursuit of party politics. We shall indeed miss his persuasive tongue, but above all we shall miss his quiet dignity, his capacity to meet any emergency, and determination to see things through.

F. W. K. BRUMBY.

Perhaps the chief features of his philosophy of life is his altruism which finds expression in all that he does, and never more markedly than when at the beginning of his last year he was called upon to fill a very difficult position, and one in which he acquitted himself *à merveille*. To a merely superficial observer, he may on occasion present an air of bovine indifference to all that goes on around him, and an appearance of credulity of ready compliance to persuasion, all the more deceptive when one finds that, while appearing to make concessions, he rarely relinquishes his original position. Of the Brum whom we knew before his stay in France, perhaps little remains except his Rabelaisian humour and stoic endurance of all untoward happenings. Since then, however, much water has flowed under the bridges and many changes have occurred, but nothing will ever change his characteristic good nature and unselfish regard for others.

D. HANDLEY.

Tommy has been a figure in College ever since he descended upon us three years ago with his famous moustache and his I-don't-care-a-hang-for-anybody manner. He was never a Freshman in the ordinary sense of the word, for, right from the start he showed a supreme contempt for all seniors and seniority. He has indeed succeeded admirably in giving an entirely false impression of his real self to those who do not know him well. Indisputably a member of the most maligned faculty in College, known as an incredible consumer of his favourite beverage, an active participant in a sport emphatically not for the sensitive eared, he might easily be dismissed as one of the "toughs" of College. But this is only the outward Tommy. Almost the world's greatest grumbler, he yet had the capacity for doing things and making others do them which was a revelation to the indolent. As Secretary of the Students' Council, and as a member of New Hall House Committee, he has been supremely argumentative, but yet super-efficient. Without him much of the picturesqueness will have gone out of our lives. We wish him all the best of luck.

J. W. STONE.

College is about to lose one of its most distinguished members. Jimmy was known to everybody. He had the infinite capacity of being able to adapt himself to any circumstances, and he usually succeeded in whatever he attempted. He always put his heart and soul into what he was doing, so that whether as an actor, a debater, a chairman of Russell Hall, an after-dinner speaker, or even as an entertainer, he produced something which really was individual and had the stamp of his personality upon it. He liked, too, to adopt an attitude which was entirely his own. Suffering from the delusion that he was ill-equipped socially, he refused to learn to dance and posed as one who, if not quite antagonistic, was at least indifferent to the fair sex. On this question he has probably expressed himself more frequently than anyone else in the history of College. Yet when he goes a bigger gap will be left in our social life than he realizes. We shall miss his witty speeches, his solemn ecclesiastical manner, his inexhaustible propensity for making atrocious puns, his blue suits, and more than all this, his absolutely unique laugh. Feeling sure that wherever he goes in the future his success will be as marked as it has been here, we wish him all the best of luck.

R. E. BROWN.

Somewhat amazingly, Brown—"one doesn't refer to people by their Christian names"—has successfully survived being one of the "nicest" people at College. To wear the "old School tie" so success-

fully, was an achievement which made the most rabid Communist among us bound to admit that the Public Schools were not beyond all hope. An extremely good Chairman of Stoneham, he managed quite often to conceal his ability in some wonderful after-dinner exhortations, as when, before an entertainment we were requested not to "leave the women lying about." Is said to be known to visiting rugger teams as "Come on, Wex."

MISS M. C. GRAY.

Gray has been at College for five years. Content to spend four of them in modest obscurity, she made up for it in her last year by achieving fame in more ways than one. Cheery, good-natured and popular, she has deserved all the success that has come her way. In all her student activities, as a member of the Students' Council, as Sub-Editor of the *West Saxon*, and as treasurer of Highfield Hall, she has been most pleasant to work with. We are all very sorry indeed to lose her, but we know that she is about to attain greater happiness in her future life. On the eve of her marriage we cannot do more than wish her all the best of joy and good fortune.

H. L. DREVER.

"There's more in this than meets the eye." For four years at College, or rather at Southampton, Hec has pursued the occupation which made him one of the notabilities of Southend—dancing. Quite late in his career he developed a surprising interest in broadcasting, and was regularly to be found seated in front of the Stoneham set muttering "Can *anyone* tune this thing in to the West Regional?" Apparently finding reception of the West Regional rather difficult, just to show his versatility he began to take an interest in Irish affairs, and finally proceeded to teach Latin at K.E.S. from a profound knowledge of German and French. What a man!

MISS W. M. P. ANDREW.

College to a few of us is no place without Wilmot. Five years she has been working steadily in many spheres, geography and botany being subsidiaries only—remember *Bird in Hand* and the hockey field. Her full years of three secretaryships have done well in fitting her for the more sedate and matronly tasks of keeping a guiding hand on Highfield Hall and various Societies. Who can remember a gramophone concert when any frivolous records were heard?

As a companion, she has been kindly, sympathetic and entertaining to those who knew her best. Unfortunately she has extended her sweetness to a few only, and they were lucky ones. Those who know her well are sorry that they are either here for another year

without her, or are going down at the same time, probably to see her only at those short Whitsuntides when everything centres round a dinner and dance and leaves seriousness aside. Wilmot was always serious, but with enough deep humour to tide her over starchy interviews with Professors and Lecturers, and enough graciousness to make everyone she came in contact with at ease.

College will miss Wilmot: so shall we; let us wish her God-speed in her future work, where she will make

“ the World a better place,  
and Life a worthier thing.”

J. A. GREER.

He spent the first three years of his College career in comparative tranquility and devoted attention to his labours, a state from which he emerged at intervals to indulge his youthful exuberances and to which when retribution threatened, he was prompt to return with studiously penant air.

Since taking his degree, he has attained to positions of responsibility, and these have had a more than sobering effect upon him. You not only have these outbreaks of boisterousness become all too infrequent, but in addition a mantle of abstraction, almost of oblivion, has descended on him. But Joe has found time to disport himself in other spheres, and in consequence we are glad to note a corresponding decrease of embonpoint. *VIVAT VALEATQUE.*

K. M. HILL.

Kay has been at College for four years. Such different student activities as S.C.M. and the Tennis Club have reason to be grateful for her efficiency as secretary. Highfield also owes her a debt of gratitude since we have now all, quietly and in order, dined at high table. Without our secretary to restrain us there would probably have been undignified rushing to secure places on high at the left hand of the Warden.

But this is one of the least important of the many duties Kay has performed. We would like to express our gratitude for all she has done as our secretary.

Her activities were not confined to making lists or writing minutes. She is as much at home presiding behind a teapot as at a meeting of the W.C.R. committee. She is a firm believer in that old British custom of tea-drinking—at all hours.

Those who do not know her well may be surprised that so small a person has so successfully occupied such a large number of offices. We shall be very sorry to lose her, but wish her a happy and successful future.

E. M. GRAY and H. E. HOWES.

It took a long time for College to get anything like a real understanding of either Elsie or Hilda. We probably don't appreciate them even now. For one thing, we are not used to people who shine with such conspicuous success in so many spheres. No ordinary persons could, said College, spend time on social pursuits and get away with high academic honours. They did. Elsie was especially noted for her acting. On the stage, she gave the best student performance of our time and almost certainly of all College history. Hilda (to our surprise) proved the quieter of the two, and retired into the background, especially after Elsie's Old Hartleyan alliance. College will, however, miss her charming "Thank you" as much as Elsie's gracious smile. A little colour will be missing in College life next session. We wish this scintillating pair continued good fortune.

S. W. BRIGGS.

Was one of the first to prove at College that some good can come out of the North. Sid's grin and "drop o' rare" would disarm anybody, apart from his activities on any available piano from the Assembly Hall and Music Studio to the White Swan, with a range that went from Beethoven to "Stormy Weather," and included his own compositions *en route*. Played most games with an air of cheerful abandon, more particularly rugger, where he regarded it the essential duty of a forward to have an exhilarating all-in free fight with the opposition now and again.

ONE-YEAR GRADUATES and FOREIGN STUDENTS.

And it came to pass that there came divers of our own speech and of other tongues that they might sit at the feet of Gamaliel and the other sages. And we took them to our bosoms and were as brother and sister unto them. Then they did eat, and drink, and make merry with us, so that we would fain that they should stay and be for ever among us. But behold, when the summer season was fully come, they all with one accord departed and took their way to their own peoples and to their own kindred.

H. L-N-.

A good-natured, easy-going youth, without intellectual interests or any conception of a purpose in life, who is almost certain to succumb to the temptations of self-indulgence, frivolity and carelessness.—*R. L. Archer.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor,  
DEAR SIR,



WE must apologise for being about to write a letter which will appear at first sight to be propaganda or, at the least, advertisement, but we consider that the nature of the scheme we are about to outline, calculated as it is to be to the interest of the Student body, will justify the use of the Union Magazine for this purpose.

The scheme alluded to is still very much in the air. Its adoption will depend upon the consent and support of various powers and bodies, the most interested among which will be the present Students' Union. Perhaps before this term's issue of the *West Saxon* is published, the scheme in question will already have been outlined to the Union, and its fate decided one way or the other. In any case, a meeting of the Union will be called before the end of term to discuss it.

The scheme is briefly this. The Alumni Association has to all intents and purposes failed. For those who have heard nothing or little of this organisation, we would explain that it was inaugurated two years ago. Its aim was to create a fund to which members of the Association, who were to be old students, were to subscribe annually, this fund having as its purpose the financial assistance of the College in its evolution towards the future University of Wessex.

Among the reasons for the failure of this scheme are, we think, its lack of a definite, concrete and tangible objective, and its lack of co-ordination with a fund already existing for the identical purpose, a fund which had been working for the past twenty-five years, and which had already amounted to £1,100—we refer to the Old Hartleyans' Appeal Fund.

Whatever the causes for the failure of the Alumni scheme, its underlying principle was a sound one, namely, it was a means by which old students of this College might express their appreciation of and loyalty towards the institution in which they had gained culture and fellowship.

Everyone is conscious of the deficiencies of this College. Generation after generation of students have been dissatisfied with the wooden huts, the badly-equipped refectory, the inadequate "Hall." But all around us we see the signs of a slow but sure development, and although the ideal is still remote, and although we say very little about it, we all harbour the pious hope that the University of Wessex, which is at present in the unsatisfying category of castles in Spain, will one day materialise. In other words, we are not so indifferent as



to ignore the necessity for better conditions for the generations of students that will succeed us.

With these ideas in view, a meeting was recently arranged in which the Committee of the Old Hartleyans' Appeal Fund conferred with representatives of the Students' Council. A scheme was evolved which may be expressed in the following terms :—

1. It was suggested that a "UNION BUILDING FUND" should be created, for the purpose of raising money towards the erection of a Students' Union Building, which is the most pressing need of the College and of the Student body.

2. Going-down students would be asked to contribute a nominal sum, and old students would contribute a minimum of, say, 5/- per year.

3. The administration of the fund would be in the hands of a Committee of the Society of Old Hartleyans, which would include representatives of the Students' Council elected annually.

4. The students of each year would elect a representative, who would act as a liaison between his "year" and the committee.

5. The Old Hartleyans' Appeal Committee would consider placing the £1,100 which it had already collected to the credit of the fund, and would probably merge into the new central committee.

6. In recognition of the efforts made in the past by Old Hartleyans, the Hall of the future Union building would be called "Hartley Hall."

The above scheme will be seen to possess the two vital qualities lacking to the old Alumni scheme, namely, a concrete objective and co-ordination with an already existing organisation which already possesses considerable assets.

We hope that all students will give the scheme their fullest consideration, and that, if and when the fund is finally inaugurated next term, and its constitution framed, everyone will give it their whole-hearted support. The co-operation of this year's going-down students will be especially valuable. It is proposed that these students will be circularised directly the fund is put on a definite footing. The initial impulse to the scheme will be greatly dependent on their response.

We thank you, Mr. Editor, for according us the space in the *West Saxon* to outline the scheme.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. K. BRUMBY,  
*President 1933-34.*

G. G. WHITEHEAD,  
*President-Elect 1934-35.*

*The Editor.*

DEAR SIR,

The author of that most revealing little study entitled "Carrots" seems to suppose that his "fear" will be as inexplicable to others as it was to himself; on the contrary, the explanation is obvious.

He is quite right to call his feelings "fear," he is prudent to be afraid. It has been my good fortune to know many women with red hair, and I have always found them interesting. There is, of course, red hair and red hair. (You don't say.—ED.) Many women with hair that is loosely termed red have no claim to such a distinction; their characteristics are those of an ordinary woman. But the true red-haired woman has a character as bright and challenging as her hair, a disposition as golden, and a suspicion of inflammability and a sparkle of delicious naughtiness that is a delight to the world which flocks around her. It is this personality that the author of "Carrots" fears.

Am I wrong in supposing that the same hand wrote "Perversions," in which the same flippant tone is marked? I do not think I am. Sir, the author of "Carrots" is a susceptible man, who endeavours to hide his susceptibility to feminine charm under a thin disguise of disliking women—a disguise which completely fails as soon as he admits fear.

His reservation of fear to red-haired women is a great compliment to them; he evidently thinks his natural caution is sufficient to resist any but them; he has clearly observed how when a red-haired woman is the attraction, the sternest and most unbending men join the numbers of honest youths who make no pretence at resisting female charm. His desire is to "flirt with the pretty and marry the wise"—is he afraid of a red-haired woman on both scores?

*To the Editor of the West Saxon.*

DEAR SIR,

At the Old Hartleyans' Dinner in February, the representative of the Present Students, Mr. Stone, in proposing the toast of the the Society of Old Hartleyans, offered the criticism that the Society was a local one and a suggestion that branches should be opened in other parts of the country. The Executive of the S.O.H. have asked me to write to you in the hope that you will be able to find room in your next issue for a brief explanation.

While we welcome the constructive criticism, we must point out that it is based on a misapprehension. To go a long way back; in the very early days of the College (as such) there existed a Southampton Society of Old Hartleyans, a Portsmouth Society, a London



Society, and a Welsh Society. Of these, the Southampton Society was the only one which continued in existence. It, of course, had its ups and downs, but it was on the whole fairly flourishing, and after the War took on a new lease of life with the general revival of activities. About this time, a Corresponding Membership was instituted for those who could not attend functions by reason of distance, etc. This became so successful that in 1923 the Southampton Society of Old Hartleyans was widened into THE Society of Old Hartleyans. The annual membership of this wider society has since that time approached the 500 mark, and now includes members in practically every county in England and Wales, in Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, Canada, the United States, South America, South Africa and a few other countries.

I do not think we can really be accused of being local. Mr. Stone's mistake is understandable ; when we were in College, we, too, had but a very vague idea of the Society of Old Hartleyans, and it is partly in the hope that this letter will do a little to clear away the mists from the mental picture that to-day's present students may have formed of us, that we ask you to be good enough to publish it in your next issue.

The idea of branches of the S.O.H. has been discussed many times and a London Branch was started as an experimental branch. It was not really a success, and we find it much better to keep administration in the hands of one central committee, and encourage local meetings by putting Old Hartleyans in touch with others in their own locality.

Yours faithfully,

OLIVE M. KIMBER,

*Hon. Gen. Sec. S.O.H.*

(Since receiving the above we have been privileged to inspect copies of the "Association of Past Students" Year Book for the years 1906-7 and 1907-8. These give the rules of the Societies mentioned in the letter and also a list of the members of each Society. From them it is clear that the London Society was the first to be formed (Midsummer, 1905) and that the rules of the other Societies were modelled on those of the London Society, the Southampton Society replacing the older "Southampton and District Past Students' (Teachers) Association." It is interesting to note that the founder of the London Society is one well known to many past and present students of College, namely, Mr. F. J. Hemmings, now Headmaster of Taunton's School, Southampton.

Such delving into the past history of the Society has but served to make us anxious for more. We are, therefore, only too pleased to

learn that this and other valuable history will shortly be incorporated in a History of the S.O.H. which is in process of compilation.—ED.)

*To the Editor of the West Saxon.*

DEAR SIR,

First of all, may I thank you for publishing my last letter in the Autumn number of the *West Saxon*? In these days of suppression of student liberty even so small a "mercy" calls for our gratitude, for freedom of the Press, like freedom of speech, will soon be a thing of the past. You have probably heard of the O.T.C. censor at East London who rigorously excluded all anti-war articles from his College magazine? Perhaps you will reflect on this, and remember that fair-mindedness is a quality which may be upheld even by the "delicately pink."

Secondly, I would like to acclaim the step forward taken by this College during the last few weeks, in the formation of a Socialist Society. We have been backward, but now we can definitely show that we have left the ranks of the retrogrades and intend to take our rightful place among the more progressive Universities. At last students are beginning to realize that such a step is not merely an indication of their sympathy with the working-classes. They recognize that their own interests are involved, and that the questions of economy cuts, scholarship restrictions, and no assurance of employment at the end of their College career can be satisfactorily settled by Socialism alone. Fascism and war can never solve our problems.

LIBER.

.....

### WHIT MONDAY.



THE sun shines hot. I take my place  
In expectation of a Whitsun treat.  
The wooden benches shimmer in the heat.  
I scan my score-card with a thoughtful face.  
White-coated figures stroll to place the bails.  
A silence falls as batsmen take their stand.  
The captain sets his fielders with his hand.  
A flashing cut goes cracking to the rails.  
Somnolence grows. The score mounts slow.  
The sleepy crowd applauds, in leisured wise,  
Each thoughtful stroke. The sun, from torrid skies,  
Shines on. Dour bats subdue the wily foe.  
A knowing critic talks of Bradman's feats.  
There goes the tea-bell. "——— hard these seats."



### RUSSELL HALL.

**D**URING this Summer Term corporate activity has but once pushed its way to the surface through the now parched crust of the earth of Sociability. On May 11th, in conjunction with Montefiore Hall, we entertained the Staff to tea in the Assembly Hall. Several of our guests expressed very kind opinions, from which we venture to infer that our efforts were not without success.

(By the way, rumour hath it that the combined Halls may be issuing invitations before long for an end of term entertainment !)

In conclusion, we desire to express to those members of the Hall who are going down our very best wishes for their future success and prosperity.

### HIGHFIELD HALL.

Highfield has but two things to mention this term, both concerning water. In spite of the lack of rain, the garden is a galaxy of colour and beauty, a real joy to behold. What a remarkable transformation has been effected on a barren vegetable plot !

The other matter is a more personal one. We have noticed that Highfield women have maintained their usual bright and cheery appearance at College this term, and this no doubt is due to the fact that baths have not yet been banned, although, let it be whispered, we are compelled to take a ruler in with us, lest we should exceed our allotted measure.

### SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

We must congratulate an old Stoneham man, Prof. (late "Brusher") Mills, upon the happy conclusion to a real College romance in his marriage to Miss Ida Hodgson on June 9th at South Stoneham.

We wish them the very best in their life in India. It is hoped that this occasion may serve as an inspiration and encouragement to certain of our contemporaries. Et tu Br ---.

Of other events in Stoneham grounds there is little to report. There is the story of our friend of stately girth and settled habits who, meeting a potential History lecturer in the grounds at 10.30 one evening, told him that if he didn't want to get into trouble he had better not let the Warden see him, as "scholarship candidates" had to be in bed by 10 p.m. !

Which reminds me—Block B rats are likely to have no peace for the rest of the term. Dr. Lawton takes up residence in a day or two, and he's no mean shot with a gun. Furthermore, we understand that we are have the pleasure of seeing there certain of our former Lancastrian contingent. We wish them luck this time.

### NEW HALL.

Sing a song of New Hall,  
Donald's getting wed,  
The food's improved a hundredfold,  
And indigestion's dead.  
We've got a new Vice-Warden,  
And his name is Mr. Berry,  
We wish him health and happy days—  
But he's a fishy fellow—very !  
And sing a song of Chairmen,  
A sterling fellow, Sam !  
He's leaving for a better land,  
A-punting on the Cam.  
And sing a song of Matron,  
For she's a canny Scot,  
She fills us all with vitamins,  
And don't we eat a lot.  
And howl a plague on Editors,  
For their hearts are made of (mile)stone,  
They drain your inspiration dry,  
Indeed I think mine's flown.

R. R. H. R-w-.

I grudge to none his treasure—I have mine.—*Gerald Gould.*

OLD EDWARDIANS, OLD TAUNTONIANS, OLD SYMONDIANS.

Fond of a true and trusty tie.—*Byron.*



## MEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

**F**OR common with many other Clubs, we had a woeful tale to tell at the beginning of the season of losses sustained since last year. As new first strings have had to be found for practically every event the season has necessarily been largely an experimental one, and consequently our unde-  
 feated record of the last four years has been interrupted, at least temporarily.

The new members of the Club have responded surprisingly well to the call for fresh talent, and after some uncertainty we have settled down into a sound if not brilliant team. Our matches have been most interesting, in three of them the result depending on the last event of the meeting. The record to date is:—

May 5—v. R.N. and R.M. (Portsmouth)	...	...	H	Lost 32½—35½
May 12—v. University College, Exeter	...	...	A	Won 47 —42
May 23—v. R.A.O.C. (Hillsea)	...	...	H	Won 39½—28½
May 26—H.I.C.A.A.	...	...	A	Lost 24 —39-9
v. Winchester and Portsmouth Colleges				
June 2—v. Bristol University	...	...	A	Lost 51 —52
June 6—v. R.A.F. (Calshot)	...	...	H	Won 30 —18

## WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

This is the fourth year of the Club's existence and by far the most successful. Though there is only a relatively small number of members, a high standard of success has been maintained. We have so far failed to beat Portsmouth Atalanta Club, our strongest opponents, but for the first time on record we have beaten Reading University. Our day of crowning triumph was at the Inter-Collegiate Sports at Portsmouth, when out of six events we won five, breaking all the records. Mention must be made here of Miss D. Groves, our captain, who won the 100 yards and 220 yards in record times and the long jump with record distance. Miss Groves also distinguished herself at

the Inter-Varsity Championships at Manchester, where she gained second place in the 100 yards. As she is going down, we would like to take this opportunity of wishing her all the very best for the future, and hope she may be as successful as in the past.

#### CRICKET CLUB.

This present cricket season, although seemingly not so successful as last, has nevertheless on the whole proved satisfactory because of the harder encounters we have had this year. The wins have at least outnumbered the losses. A convincing victory over Exeter puts the College XI into the semi-final of the U.A.U. championship, and we have hopes of beating one of the Welsh Universities, that we might reach the final round for the first time in the Club's history.

#### TENNIS CLUB.

Although this season has not been as successful for our teams as we could have wished, it has been none the less enjoyable, and our fixture list has been full. The men's team in the main is the same as last year, but of last year's women's team only two remain.

Outstanding success has been achieved by the women's first couple, Miss E. Clare and Miss K. Grant, who have proved invincible against Bristol, Exeter, Reading and Goldsmith's. We are glad to be able to send them as representatives to the British Universities' Tennis Trials at Nottingham this month, and we wish them every success there.

#### BOXING CLUB.

A highly encouraging first year has now finished with a very successful tournament, run on the lines of a College championship. Enthusiasm has been excellently sustained, and we shall begin again next session with every prospect of a bright future. It is hoped that we shall be able to arrange several matches with other clubs.

The results of the tournament were as follows:—Heavy-weight final, A. P. Jones ; middle-weight, H. G. Cochrane ; welter-weight, R. A. Shannon ; light-weight, A. W. Ellis.

.....  
E. G. EMM-NS.

Happy those early days ! when I  
Shined in my *angel* infancy.—*Henry Vaughan* (see also  
*Thomas Hardy*).

COVERED WAY.

What is so odorous here where I walk by ?—*Louis Golding*.



### SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

**F**T was stated recently in a leading London daily paper that there was little or no political activity in the College, but recent events seem to have disproved this. At the first meeting of the Society on May 8th, over forty were present, when the constitution was discussed. Officers were elected on May 15th and a provisional programme of subjects for discussion on subsequent occasions was drawn up. In conjunction with other College Societies, we have already sponsored a protest meeting against the Sedition Bill, and in the near future we hope to hear speakers on the problems of malnutrition and poverty in Southampton, Modern Imperialism, and Socialist Education.

The interest shewn in our meetings and our membership of over forty proves that, given the initiative, a political movement can find plenty of support in the College.

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

The activities of the Union have gone on much the same as usual. The lunch-hour prayer meetings have been very well supported by the men, but more women must do their part as well. Our experiment in Bible Study at College at 8.30 on Wednesdays has been well worth the effort to get up to College in time. The Bible Study group at Highfield Hall has been well attended despite a very difficult subject.

At the time of going to press we are arranging a Squash at Highfield and a meeting in one of the Men's Halls for going-down students. The women will be addressed by Miss Strain, a travelling secretary of the I.V.F., and the men by a local speaker, Dr. Cheale.



## 9th SOUTHAMPTON ROVER CREW.

Although forthcoming examinations tend to confine activities to very narrow limits during the Summer Term, we are still giving a helping hand to various troops in the town.

The New Hall Rovers started a Scout Troop at St. Barnabas, and kept it going until a permanent Scout Master was able to take over. Then they transferred their aid to the formation of a Troop at St. Mark's, Archers Road. Some of the Stoneham men are helping with a Cub Pack at Northam, and also with the Troop at Dockland, under Vine.

Our Camp this year was pitched near Bramshaw in the Forest. Many of the Crew were unable to come, but those who were fortunate enough to do so had a thoroughly enjoyable time. Saturday and Sunday were spent in hiking into the Forest, and Whit Monday in entertaining visitors. We were very pleased to be visited by some of our old Rovers, who were spending the week-end in Halls.

We are holding our Initiation of five new Rovers on Sunday, June 10th, when Mr. Green, of the local Association, will take the ceremony. After the service there will be a short talk in Stoneham Grounds, and we are hoping to attract a number of non-scouting students, and also to have visitors from other Crews in the town.

## STAGE SOCIETY.

The proposed Summer Term production of the Society has unfortunately been swept under in the rush of finals and other attractions. Time these days is very precious.

We have, however, had several very successful play readings. Last term *St. Joan* proved one of the best read plays and best attended meetings of the session. This term we have so far read Shaw's *Candida* and Williams' *The Late Christopher Bean*. *Outward Bound* will be read before the official term ends.

It is with regret that we must say good-bye to our President, J. W. Stone, producer this session and actor in session 1932-33. Other supporters are going—we wish them well.

## CHORAL SOCIETY.

At the end of last term the Choral Society was set the task of perfecting Stanford's Irish ballad, "Phaudrig Crohoore," for performance at the Fourth Annual Summer Symphony Concert on May 25th. Shortness of time made the practices all the more intensive and interesting and, after a certain amount of amusing floundering in the "six-eight" section (choral members will remember Mr. Williams'



penetrating cry of "One, two, three, ONE!"), we produced a final effort which we trust was at least on a par with similar productions of former years.

By the way, the opera for next year (March) is to be "Iolanthe" ! I need say no more.

#### POLITICAL CLUB.

The Political Club has survived through an anxious session without surrendering its original character of an open forum. Men and women have met on Saturday mornings to discuss freely without fear or favour, and the menace of multitudinous shirts has been no more than an object of keenly divided debate. Attendances have been large, and the tone of discussion dispassionate and critical. The officers have not allowed either the propagandist or the anti-propagandist to capture their council. Speech has been free and open to all, however subversive or reactionary, and will continue to be so, as long as the Club persists.

The standard of discussion has been remarkably high, interest and enthusiasm have been discriminate and critical. No better evidence of the Club's character and qualities can be found than the discussion on the Sedition Bill, brilliantly led by P. W. S. Andrews, unwontedly articulate and therefore able for once to do his talents real justice. And we remember with pleasure Mons. Laur's frank comments on France, a many-sided symposium on the significance of the Hunger March, a discussion of Shirts, and a passionate plea coldly received for Social Credit.

The new officers are Messrs. Tyerman, Bagwell, Andrews, Winsor and Miss Capon. Their job is important. They stand for "free speech."

#### STUDENTS' ANTI-WAR COUNCIL.

Last term the Anti-War Council arranged two general meetings. The first, addressed by Reginald Bridgeman, of the National Council, was very well attended. The Council decided to affiliate to the Students' National Anti-War Council. This term a Study Group has been discussing the pamphlet, "The Secret International," which gives a clear account of the armament industry. The first meeting, addressed by Mr. Tyerman, crowded the room almost beyond its capacity. Subsequent meetings have also been well attended.

#### THE INCITEMENT TO DISAFFECTION BILL.

About a hundred students and Staff attended the meeting jointly arranged by the S.C.M., L.N.U., Anti-War Council, Socialist Society and Political Club, to protest against this Bill. With only three dis-

sentients a resolution of protest was passed, and it was decided to send a copy of it to the Attorney General and appropriate M.P.s. Mr. Andrews gave a very clear exposition on the implications of the Bill and its dangers. A committee of students was elected to continue the protest in every possible way, including co-operation with other Universities and organisations in Southampton. The committee at once convened a meeting of representatives of Southampton organisations, as a result of which a provisional committee for civil liberty has been set up in the town and proposes to organise a conference and a demonstration.



CERTIFICATE CLASS.

Be not thou as these, whose mind  
Is to the passing hour confined.—*School Hymn.*

H. I. DR-V-R.

Where is my wandering boy to-night?—*Lowry.*

T.D. CLASS.

There are who, bending supple knees,  
Live for no end except to please,  
Rising to fame by mean degrees,  
But creep not thou with these.—*School Hymn.*

H. T. E. M-I-S.

And everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go.  
—*Nursery Rhyme.*

J. G. B-N--.

A most pathetic little nit.—“*Love's Labour Lost.*”

MISS E. M. CL-R-.

She was conscious of her attractions. Her profile was adjusted on the utilitarian principle, with the object of giving the greatest possible benefit to the greatest possible number.

—*Beverley Nicholls.*



